

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

CDC

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

ROCKY LANE

NO. 66

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

WESTERN
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W. W. P.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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Alfred P. Foy Executive Editor

Rocky Lane

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR



THE CHAMELEON KID IN DEATH SETS A TRAP!

CHAPTER ONE

IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, ROCKY LANE HAS CRUISED THE TOWN OF MANY A WILD GANGSTER... AND TAUGHT HIM TO RESPECT THE LAW... BUT THE FIGHTING SILENT MARSHAL MUST RACE WITH AND OUT-GUN BOTH THE MOST DANGEROUS COMBINATION OF DEADLY TRICKERY THE WEST HAS EVER KNOWN...
THE CHAMELEON KID!



EAT ONE NIGHT, SECRET
MARSHAL ROCKY LANG RIDES
THROUGH THE SADDLE MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY!

FASTER, BLACK JACK!
I WANT TO GET TO
DEERHORN TONIGHT!
THAT TOWN'S THE
CENTER OF ALL THE
TROUBLE THAT'S BEEN
REPORTED IN THIS
AREA!



WAIT! THERE'S A FIRE DOWN
THERE IN THAT DOON! THAT'S A
STRANGE SPOT FOR A CAMP
WITH DEERHORN SO CLOSE!



A MIGHTY ROUGH-LOOKING BUNCH
COLE WINTERS AND BP SAWYER---
TWO OF THE WORST GUNBUCKS
IN THE TERRITORY! NO BETTER
CHECK ON THIS!



AND ROCKY SAYS:

WELL, WELL! ROCKY
LANG, HONKY,
TH BACHE! WHAT
CAN WE DO FOR
YOU?

JUST ANSWER A FEW
QUESTIONS, BP! I'M KIND
OF CURIOUS ABOUT WHY
YOU AND COLE HAVE
STAYED SO FAR FROM YOUR
USUAL STAMMING GROUNDS!



YOU ASKED YOUR
QUESTION, LAMMAN!
NOW HERE'S YOUR
ANSWER!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
WE'RE FIVE TO ONE!
LET'S GET HIM!



THAT'S PRETTY LONG ODDS, BUT
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO ACCOM-
MODATE YOU BOYS!



GET WITHOUT WARNING

OWAY, LANG!
YOU'RE
FINISHED!



ONE SIDE! ON GOING TO BATTLE WITH LAKE ONCE AND FOR ALL!

EASY, RP! IF YOU KILL HIM, THESE HILLS WILL SWARM WITH LAWMEN--- AND THE BOSS WOULDN'T LIKE THAT!



BESIDES, LAKE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE! NO ONE'S BEEN ABLE TO GET A THING ON US SINCE OUR NEW BOSS SHOWED US HOW TO OPERATE THE SNAKE WAY!

MAHVE YOU'RE RIGHT! WELL, LET'S START WORKING. I WANT TO BE FAR AWAY WHEN THAT HORROR WAKES UP.



IT'S ALMOST DARK WHEN ROCKY COMES TO!

MY HEAD'S SPLITTING, BUT I'D BETTER START AFTER THAT DARK! WITH WINTERS AND SAWYER, KIDAS THEM, THOSE COYOTES' ARE UP TO NO GOOD!



BUT IN THE ROCKY COUNTRY, THE SECRET NATIONAL SOON LOSES THE TRAIL, AND---

IT'S NO USE GOING FURTHER SINCE, IN SO CLOSE TO OVERHORN, I MIGHT AS WELL WAIT THE AUTHORITY THERE!



BUT AS THE LOCAL SHERIFF LISTENS TO ROCKY'S STORY--

WE'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT OUTLAWS ANY MORE, LAKE! WE'VE GOT BIGGER HEADACHES NOW! WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORST DRY SPELL WE'VE EVER HAD! IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE WE'VE HAD RAIN!



OUR CATTLE ARE DYING LIKE FLIES! ALL THE HERDS HAVE BEEN HIT HARD AND IF THOSE RANCHES ARE RUINED, NO IS THIS TOWN!

SOUNDS MIGHTY BAD! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE?



NOT MUCH EXCEPT WAIT AND HOPE! BUT WE'RE THINKING OF HIRING A RANMAKER! IN FACT THEY'RE MEETING ABOUT IT NOW AT THE HOTEL. WANT TO COME ALONG?

SURE! I HEARD ABOUT THESE RANMAKERS, BUT I NEVER DID SEE ONE!









BANKER!
HAW, HAW!
HAW!



THAT WAS THE EASIEST
THOUSAND THIS TOWN EVER
POCKED UP! THAT BANKER
HOMER MUST BE PLAIN
LODD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF, THROW-
ING MONEY AWAY LIKE THAT
JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
I WISH I KNEW THE ANSWER!



BUT BACK IN TOWN ---
SHERIFF, GUICK! SOME
CALHOOTS BROKE INTO THE
BANK AND BLASTED THE VAULT.
THEY'VE GOT ALL THE MONEY
WE PUT UP FOR THE
BANKER!

WHAT?!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT, ROCKY! IT TOOK A
MIGHTY POWERFUL BLAST
TO RIP THAT VAULT OPEN!
WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD
IT EVEN UP ON THE HILL!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT WITH THE
PROFESSOR'S
CANNONS GOING
OFF... HMM!



HEY,
ROCKY!
WHERE'RE
YOU GOING?

TO CHECK UP ON THAT BANKER,
SHERIFF! DECIDE TO ME HE WAS
A BITE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT HIS
THINGS WHEN HE FIRED THOSE
CANNONS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD ON A SIDE TRAIL --

JUST AS I THOUGHT, THESE
DISCARDED CLOTHES AND
ABANDONED CANNONS PROVE
THAT THE BANKER WAS
MICHIGOTS WITH THE GANG
WHO BLASTED THE BANK!



IS THIS THE FINISH FOR THE INDOMITABLE SECRET MARSHAL? IS ROCKY LANE DOOMED TO PLUNGE TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW? READ CHAPTER 12 OF THE CHAMELEON KID!

DEE DICKENS

IN

*THE
SIZZLING
POINT!*

YOU'RE SUPPOSE
PULED UP, DEE
DICKENS! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

**WAY
FEED!**

I JUST CAME FROM THE
MAGGLED PARTY AT THE
BARN'S PORCH WHERE I
WAS INSULTED!



INSULTED?
HOW?

THEY GAVE ME THE FIRST PRIZE FOR
HAVING THE LOWEST BARK AT THE
MAGGLEDAGE!



WHAT'S INSULTING
ABOUT THAT?

I WOULDN'T WEAR ANY
MAGGLED AT THE TIME!



THEY PROBABLY WERE
JUST MIDDING YOU?

KIDDING NOTHING! THEY
ALMOST RUINED MY
BARK OFF TRYING
TO TAKE THE
"MAGGLED" OFF!



WELL, WHAT DO
YOU DO ABOUT IT?

I WANTED TO PUNCH THE
JUDGE IN THE NOSE BUT
I COULDN'T!







REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

and

THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER TWO - DOOM IN THE DARKNESS

FROM ABOVE THE CANYON FLOOR, ROCKY LANE FACES GRIM DEATH!

THAT LIMB'S GOING TO BREAK OFF ANY MINUTE - THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!

CRACK

BY SWINGING LIKE A MONOLITH, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO REACH THE TRUNK OF THAT TREE!

THAT WAS CLOSE! I'LL NEED ONE MORE TRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF THAT BRANCH WILL HOLD!

MADE IT! AND JUST IN TIME!

CRACK!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CANYON.

LOOKS GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! COME ON, LET'S GO BACK AND GET HIM!

RELAX, RUP! AFTER THAT CLOSE SHAVE, I DOUBT IF HE'LL TRY TANGLING WITH THE CHAMELEON KID AGAIN!



BUT, BOSS! THAT HOMBRE IS TOUGHER THAN A DEN OF CRIMINALS WHEN HE GETS HUNTERED! I'LL TRACK 'EM DOWN AGAIN FOR SURE!



IF HE DOES HE'LL FIND THE CHAMELEON KID GRADY FOR HIM! COME ON... LET'S RIDE! OUR NEXT JOB IS WAITING!

BUT ROCKY DIDN'T SHARE EASY, AND SUNSET FINDS HIM FOLLOWING THE TRAIL STUBBORNELY!

KEEP MOVING, BLACK JACK! THERE'S A HOOKUP AHEAD! MAKE THE DRIVER SHUT THE COCHETS WHEELS TRACKING DOWN!



ROCKY HEADS OFF THE WAGON AND...

A MESSAGE?

WHY, SURE I SAW THEM HOMBRES! SAY, IF YOU'RE THAT ROCKY LANE THEY SAID WAS TRAILING THEM, THEY LEFT THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU!



Latest
- message still
looking for trouble
Well, if you're not
the spotted, you
can't forget how
you Cottonwood
wanted to pull
off my next job
here to night!
Signed -
the Chameleon
Kid

SO HE CALLS HIM-SELF THE CHAMELEON KID!

IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THE CHAMELEON'S A LIZARD THAT DISCOLORS ITSELF TO ESCAPE DETECTION! BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT CHANGES ITS COLOR, IT'S STILL A CRAWLING REPTILE!



DR. MARVEL'S
WONDER ELIXIR
A CURE FOR
WARTS

WHICH IS THE WAY TO COTTONWOOD?



WHY, ME AND CHIEF RED HAWK, MY ASSISTANT, ARE GOING TO PUT ON A SHOW THERE TONIGHT YOU CAN FOLLOW US IN!

WONT
A
EVERY





BUT A SILENT FIGURE HAS
SLIPPED UP BEHIND ROCKY
AND ----

THIS SHOULD KEEP
YOU QUIET FOR
A WHILE!

KLUNK!

OWN, BONG!
LET'S FINISH
HIM OFF
BEFORE HE
WAKES. MY
POOR
TROUBLE
FOR US!

YOU WORRY TOO
MUCH, BOY! THERE'S
NO NEED TO GET
ROUGH--YET!
HE'S STILL GOT
A LONG WAY TO
GO BEFORE HE
CAN OUTSMART THE
CHAMELEON KID!

COME, TIE HIM UP AND BRING
HIM UP FRONT! THE REST OF
YOU COME WITH ME! WE'VE GOT
TO GET STARTED! THE DOPE I
PED THOSE SUCKERS WILL BE
HEARING OFF SOON!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS ROCKY COMES TO ---

COMING
AROUND, EH?
GOOD! NOW
YOU CAN SEE
HOW A
REALLY
BUNNET
HOMER
OPERATES!

YOU SNEAKY FOLK--
CAT! YOU DRUGGED
EVERY MAN IN TOWN
WITH THAT PINK
MEDICINE! AND
NOW YOU'RE
PICKING THEIR
POCKETS!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND SINCE
THEY'VE ALL JUST BEEN PAID
IT SHOULD BE A PRETTY
GOOD WAIL! EXCUSE ME,
WHILE I JOIN MY
ASSOCIATES!

IF I COULD
ONLY GET
LOOSE!

WAIT! THERE'S A
NAIL BACK THERE!
WARRR! I CAN USE
IT TO CUT THESE
ROPE!

FERMENTALLY, ROCKY SAWED AT HIS BONDS, BUT JUST AS HIS HANDS
ARE FREE--

THEY'VE FINISHED THE JOB!
THE CHAMELEON KID AND HIS
GANG ARE HEADING DOWN
THAT ALLEY FOR THEIR
HORSES! THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE TO STOP
THEM!

MEANWHILE, THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN HAVE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS!

MY WATCH! MY WALLET! THEY'RE GONE! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED, SHERIFF! THAT MEDICINE MAN DROPE US!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THAT LANE HUSBRE MUST HAVE BEEN IN ON IT, TOO! HE RODE INTO TOWN WITH THAT MEDICINE WAGON!



HEY, SHERIFF! THERE GONNA LANE HEADING UP THAT ALLEY NOW!

THE MEDICINE MAN GOT AWAY, BUT WE'LL GET HIS PARTNER, ROCKY LANE!



BUT UNSUSPECTED BY ALL, RIP SAWYER, ONE OF THE OUTLAWS, IS STILL IN TOWN!

IT'S LANE --- HEADING UP THE ALLEY AFTER THE BOYS! IT'S A GOOD THING I STOPPED TO CLEAN OUT THE HOTEL VAULT!



HERE'S MY CHANCE TO KILL THAT TIN SNACK! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO HIDE AROUND NO MATTER WHAT THE CHAMELEON KID SAYS! THIS SIDE DOOR LEADS TO THE ALLEY!



BUT RIP WASN'T THE ONLY ONE GUNNING FOR ROCKY---

THERE GONNA LANE, REX! GUN HIM DOWN BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

STANDARD HOTEL



WE CAN'T MISS! IT'S LIKE HITTING A TARGET IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!

EEESSYAH!



IS THIS THE END FOR THE FAMOUS ROCKY LANE?

WILL A BULLET-RODDED PHANTY IN THE MID OF A DESERTED ALLEYWAY END HIS CAREER?

READ ON FOR CHAPTER 16 OF THE CHAMELEON KID!



ROPING 'N' RIDING

With

Rocky LANE

AND BLACK JACK

HOOBY, PARTNERS.

IF BLACK JACK AND I SEEM A LITTLE THREA'D IT'S BECAUSE WE'VE JUST COME BACK FROM THE COUNTY FAIR. AND A MIGHTY GOOD TIME WE HAD, TOO. I WAS SURE HAPPY TO SEE WILL FOSTER WALK OFF WITH ALL THE CROP PRIZES HE DID. THERE'S A REAL STORY BEHIND THAT.

YOU SEE, WILL FOSTER TOOK OVER THE OLD HARKINS PLACE, A PARCEL OF LAND ALL THE OTHER FARMERS SAID WAS BAD FARMLAND AND EVEN WORSE FOR RAISING GOOD STOCK. BUT WILL FOSTER TRIED WORKING IT THE WAY HIS PREDECESSORS HAD. TILL HE SAW HE WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE, THEN HE MENTIONED TO THE OTHER RANCHERS AND FARMERS THAT HE'D SENT AWAY TO THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE LATEST METHODS AND CHEMICALS ON SOIL TREATMENT. THE OTHER FARMERS ALL HOOKED IN DESPERION, THEY SAID THERE WAS BUT ONE WAY TO FARM A PIECE OF LAND AND IF IT DIDN'T WORK, THE LAND WAS JUST PLUMB NO GOOD.

WELL, WILL GOT THE MATERIAL HE WANTED FROM THE GOVERNMENT AND BEGAN USING IT, TRYING TO GIVE HIS LAND NEW LIFE, ROTATING THE CROPS AND OTHER METHODS. IT WAS SLOW, AND FOR A LONG TIME THERE WAS NOTHING TO SHOW. THE OTHER FARMERS WOULD GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO RIDICULE WILL, THEN ONE SEASON HE STARTED COMING UP WITH SOME FINE CROPS. THE OTHERS CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT. WILL BEGAN RAISING BETTER CROPS EVERY SEASON—BETTER THAN ANYONE'S. BUT THE OTHERS DOSSBODY STUCK TO THEIR OLD METHODS OF FARMING, TILL THIS WEEK WHEN WILL WALKED AWAY WITH NEARLY EVERY PRIZE AT THE FAIR. NOW INSTEAD OF LAUGHING, THEY'RE LISTENING TO WILL TELL THEM OF THE NEWER METHODS OF FARMING AND SOIL CARE.

SO YOU SEE, PARTNERS, IF YOU'RE PROGRESSIVE AND NOT AFRAID OF USING NEW, IMPROVED DISCOVERIES, YOU'LL WIN UP FAR AHEAD OF THOSE WHO LAUGH AT YOU. AND YOU'LL STAND OUT AT THE HEAD OF THE CROWD. BUT NOW, BLACK JACK, I'LL BE HEADING ON. WE'LL BE THINKING ABOUT ALL OF YOU TELL THIS TIME NEXT MONTH. GOOD BYES, PARTNERS!

YOUR PAIR,

Allen Rocky Lane

AND BLACK JACK

FIRST PRIZE
AWARDED TO
WILL FOSTER



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YOUNG TIM DUNBAR was scared. He was so scared, that the palms of his hand grew moist and slippery against the worn stock of his forest's Remington.

Every forest sound became a threat that made him whirl about and sent his hair rising like a porcupine's quills. He had a right to be scared, for old One-Ear was a killer grizzly—a giant bear that had been slaying ranch stock for the past five years. Every attempt to trap or poison Old One-Ear, or to run him down with hounds, had failed! Cunning and voracious, the huge grizzly had continued to live in the Snow Peak mountain country—and to live at his pleasure, off the sheep and steers of the nearby ranches.

And now—at last—Tim Dunbar, son of a local rancher, had discovered Old One-Ear's hide-out. He crouched, looking at it. It was a deep, dark, evil-smelling crevice in a rock cliff-side, littered all about with gnawed bones. Before it, the youth saw the clearly-marked prints of a bear—a grizzly so large that they could only have been made by Old One-Ear! The prints were fresh, but there was no other sign of the presence of the killer beast. Evidently, he was away, on a hunting foray.

"And I've found his den," whispered Tim Dunbar to himself.

"I'll be able to tell my dad and the cowboys, and they'll set an ambush for him. Our stock will be safe at last!"

Turning away, Tim Dunbar started down the mountain slope. He would have to get help . . .

But, no sooner had he gone a quarter-mile down the slope, than he halted. His keen eyes had caught a glimpse of a pile of stones to the side of the trail he was following. They looked strange, as if they had been placed out very recently—by human hands! Quickly, he turned over to the unusual cairn, and started to lift the top rocks off. Reaching the ground level, he uncovered a heavy canvas packet with the letters, "P. and M." marked faintly on it.

"P . . . and M . . ." Tim mused to himself, fumbling with the packet in an attempt to open it. "Why, that must mean the Plam and Mountain Stage! They had a bad holdup down on the highway last week. I wonder . . ."

Swiftly, he tore the packet open and thrust his hand inside.

His eyes grew wide as he felt the contents of the packet, and drew them forth into the light.

"Greenbacks!" It was more money than Tim had ever seen before in his life. "The money from the stage! I reckon the outlaws had to hide it here for a while, figuring they couldn't risk a get-away right after the robbery. But what'll I do with it now? If I try to go down to the ranch with it now, they may see me . . ."

He clutched the packet full of money to his chest, his thoughts racing. If only there was a place he could hide the money temporarily . . . a place he knew would be safe! Where could he put it? Then the idea came to him, and he started back up the mountainside . . .

Half an hour later, Tim hurried back down the slope toward his father's ranch. He had to find his dad and to tell him about the two things he had discovered! Old One-Ear's den—and the loot from the recent stage holdup . . .

But suddenly, as Tim Dunbar crossed a shale-covered stretch of mountainside, he saw two men approaching, coming out from behind a huge boulder. They were big men, unshaven, and they were heavily armed. They eyed Jim with suspicion and separated, as by mutual consent, as he came near them. Then, when he was but a few steps away, they closed in on him.

"Howdy, kid," one of them began. "Where've you been? Hanging deer?"

"N-no!" stammered the rancher's son, feeling the menace in the older man's voice. "I-I was b-berry picking."

"B-berries, eh?" the big stranger mocked. "You didn't see anything else, did you? Anything . . . hidden?" He kept his keen eyes on Tim's face, and he saw the boy change ex-

pression "Anything like a packet hidden under some stones?"

The boy began to flush, and he realized that his face was giving him away, under the stranger's suspicious questioning. He could not hide the truth from the man. And if they knew about the money packet, they had to be the holdup men. Quickly, imperceptibly he began to bring the Remington up. They would not take him without a fight.

"Grab him!" one of the men shouted. They dove toward Tim, one man seizing the rifle in an iron grasp, and the other catching the boy by the shoulder and hurling him to the ground.

"Get up!" the man said, pointing the rifle at him.

"The easy talkin' is over! Now we mean business. Soon as we saw you skeddaddling down out of the hills, we knew you'd spotted our cache. Now, did you leave it where it was or did you hide it?" Tim Dunbar was silent.

"Quick!" the man grunted, snapping the boy sharply across the face. "Where is it? Talk up!"

Flinching from the savage, cutting blow, Tim realized it was no use trying to hide the truth. These outlaws would stop at nothing to recover their hidden loot. He'd have to show them where the money packet was.

"S-top," he muttered. "I'll tell you. I found the money—and I hid it. I reckoned I'd tell my dad—"

—and he'd tell the sheriff, eh?" broke in one of the outlaws. "Not by a long sight! You're taking us to it . . . now!"

Tim Dunbar had no choice. Single file, he led the two badmen up the slope. As he walked, he could feel the rifle pointing at his back—and he felt a desperate drive to fling himself to the side, in an attempt to escape. But he knew that he could not move more than a few steps before they would gun him down. Soon the youth and the two men passed by the littered cairn, where the stage packet had been. One of the outlaws swore bitterly, but the other man quieted him.

"Keep going, kid," he said. "And hurry."

Soon, they approached the dark crevice in the cliffside that Tim Dunbar had seen earlier. He pointed toward the entrance to the cave.

"There it is," he said. "Inside there."

The outlaw pointed with the Remington. "Go in and get it," he muttered. "We'll wait here."

Hesitatingly, Tim started into the evil-smelling den. At first, he had thought it was a good idea to throw the packet in here. He had figured no man would dare come close to the cave of Old One-Ear, until his father and his men killed the giant grizzly. And then, they'd have been able to reclaim the packet. He reached out a trembling hand and touched the canvas. Clutching it, he started to turn, when he heard a tremendous, seething roar! It was the fighting cry of Old One-Ear!

Crouching and looking out, he saw a terrifying sight!

The huge bear had been lurking in the underbrush, and had suddenly charged, from a short distance, toward the man who had invaded his territory! In a few giant paces, he reached them and lashed out at them with a tooth-and-claw attack. One of the men was immediately thrown to the ground, the rifle dashed from his grip, and then the bear lunged toward the other man.

Wide-eyed, Tim Dunbar saw the Remington dropping to the ground by the cave entrance! It represented his only chance—and it was a slim one. But he had to take it . . .

Seizing the rifle, shooting from a crouched position in the mouth of the cave, he aimed up at the enraged grizzly. The gun thundered like a cannon in the confined space, and slammed back against his shoulder like a sledge hammer. But he shot again and again, aiming at the grizzly's throat and head. At the first shot, Old One-Ear had shuddered. Baring his long yellowed fangs, he had turned from his other victims toward the boy. But, as he lumbered forward, bullet after bullet had thudded into him! And finally, when he was scant inches from the boy, he staggered forward and fell—dead!

TIM DUNBAR rose, the rifle in one hand, and the canvas packet in the other. Old One-Ear lay at his side—and the two outlaws were moaning on the ground, seriously wounded.

The boy shook his head slowly.

"When I started out this morning," he said, "I aimed to do a little berry picking!" He shook his head. "Two outlaws and a killer grizzly add up to a lot of berries! Great Day!"

Then he started to run down to his father's ranch.

THE END

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

and
THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER THREE - THE GUNFIGHT



I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY ABOUT THIS! I NEVER THOUGHT THE FANGUS ROCKY LANE WOULD TE UP WITH A GANG OF THIEVING CHALHOOTS!

ME NEITHER, SHERIFF! GAW, MAYBE WE WERE WRONG IN SHOOTING FIRST AND ASKING QUESTIONS AFTER!

IN THE CHILL DARKNESS, A BULLET-SCARRED BODY LIES IN THE ALLEYWAY!

HEY, SHERIFF! THIS MAN ISN'T LANE!

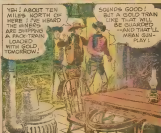
ANYONE LOOKING FOR ME?

ROCKY LANE! EASY, BOYS! BUT I THOUGHT-- LET'S TALK THIS OVER!

33. LAMINGTON PLUM, CHIEF SHERIFF AND

IT'S KIP SAWYER, ONE OF THE GANG! HE MUST HAVE SPOTTED ME WHEN I CAME UP THE ALLEY AFTER THEM!

YEH! I THOUGHT I SAW SOME-ONE STEP OUT OF THAT SIDE DOOR JUST BEFORE WE FIRED OUR GUNS! YOU'RE REALITY LUCKY, ROCKY!



NOT THE WAY I PLAN TO HANDLE IT! I'M RIDING INTO BUFFALO CREEK DISGUISED AS A PROSPECTOR! I'LL TELL EVERYONE I JUST MADE A TERRIFIC GOLD STRIKE IN PINTO CANYON!



IF I KNOW HUMAN NATURE, EVERY MAN IN THAT TOWN WILL STAMPEDE FOR PINTO CANYON!

AND THE GOLD TRAIN GOARDS, TOO, IS THAT IT?



RIGHT! THEN WHEN THE TOWN IS CLEAR, WE COME IN AND TAKE OVER THE GOLD TRAIN! IT'S AS EASY AS THAT!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, KID: YOU SURE CAN FLOUR 'EM!



ALL RIGHT, KID! NOW THAT'S SETTLED! LET'S HAVE SOME LUNCH!

A PRETTY CLEVER PLAN, BUT IF I HANDLE THIS RIGHT, THE CHAMBERLAIN KID WILL GET QUITE A RECEPTION AT BUFFALO CREEK!



LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHADY FIGURE SLIPS AWAY FROM THE OUTLAW CAMP!

A GOOD THING THOSE GUARDS ARE ASLEEP!



WE'RE IN THE CLEAR NOW! BUT NO BETTER HURRY! IF I'M GOING TO GET BACK TO THAT HIDE-OUT BEFORE I'M HUNG!



FEW MILES DOWN THE TRAIL...

THAT'S THE SPOT THE SHERIFF TOLD ME ABOUT... THE COTTON-WOOD TREE AT THE FORK.



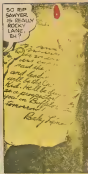


I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS NOTE FOR THE SHERIFF IN THIS HOLLOW! HE SHOULD PICK IT UP LATER TONIGHT!



BUT AN ROCKY HEARD BACK TO THE ROCK-OUT...

COME ON, GOLF, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS NOTE HE LEFT!



SO THE SAWYER IS REALLY ROCKY LANE, IS HE?

...and back... will be the... kid. He'll be... a... on Buffalo...
Baby Lane!



COME ON, KID! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP AND TAKE CARE OF THAT COMBUS-POUSING POLICEMAN!

RELAX, GOLF! THIS NOTE OF LANE'S GIVES ME AN IDEA! LIGHT ANOTHER MATCH! I'VE GOT SOME WAITING TO DO!



THERE, THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

Keep your... out of sight... the void!... a... on... by myself...
Baby Lane!



I GET IT, BOSS! THAT NOTE WILL MAKE SURE THE SHERIFF STAYS OUT OF OUR WAY WHILE WE GRAB THE GOLD!

RIGHT! THEN WHEN WE GET OUT OF TOWN BARBO, WE'LL SETTLE WITH LANE... ONCE AND FOR ALL!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, NEAR BUFFALO CREEK...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, FOLLOW ME INTO TOWN, BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

THESE COYOTES WILL BE COMING RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN BUFFALO CREEK ----







gopher face

WHATT A PILL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GOPHERFACE?

I'M STUMPED/ COMPLETELY STUMPED!

STUMPED ABOUT WHAT?

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO DIVIDE THIS PILL IN EXACTLY FOUR EVEN PARTS!

WHY WOULD THE PILL HAVE TO BE DIVIDED INTO EXACTLY FOUR EVEN PARTS?

BECAUSE...

...THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO TAKE ONE PILL FOUR TIMES A DAY!

!!!

EXTRA!! THE BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!
THE BLUE BEETLE

AMERICA'S CRUSADER
OF
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ FOR AT THIS LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢



Tell Me What You Want Money For... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!



MR. E. J. STEWART
President of Stuart Greetings,
Has Helped Thousands Make
Good Money!

What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else... just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthdays, and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply, for your 'round use—for just \$1.00. This exciting bargain really sells itself. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL, and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. E. J. Stewart, STUART GREETINGS

4424-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 388, Chicago 40, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stewart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
☐ New Clothes
☐ Toys
☐ Gifts
☐ Stationery
☐ Perishable Goods
☐ _____

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City & State: _____

If for a club, give its name below:



This is the money and most dignified way to earn money for good goals. Choose a picture and spend it a money in general. P. O. New York

I made \$20.75 in approximately 6 hours and 45 minutes. Everyone can have these beautiful greeting cards and it is so easy to show and sell them. C.E.P., New Carolina



STUART GREETINGS, INC.

4424-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 388, Chicago 40, Ill.

You Practice SERVICING

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE. That's why WE must always be LEARNING BY DOING. You see parts I send to build many concrete canisters to Koles and Teleskops. With my Servomotor, Chorus can build the wooden Koles chassis on left. I've built a 240-watt motor and use it to help make 100-200 a week. Bring one in spare case while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Chorus believes in giving kids of important facts. It shows other equipment too. Good.



As part of the Communications Program, you will learn how to build business relationships, write and deliver effective proposals, and use the Internet to find information. You will also learn how to use the Internet to find information. You will also learn how to use the Internet to find information.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

TELEVISION

Making Jobs Prosperity

25 million have more television sets now. Thousands more are starting work. Thousands more need to make casual survey TV sets. About 200 television stations in the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities have been made for many more people.



1. **NAME** (Last, First, Middle)
 2. **ADDRESS** (Street, City, State, Zip)
 3. **PHONE** (Area Code, Number)
 4. **EMAIL** (Address)

**America's Fast Growing Industry
Offers You Good Pay, Success**

Training PLUS opportunities at the PERFECT COM
 MUNICATIONS job go beyond just the company. When com-
 mers are good, the talent goes with them. THE BETTER PAY
 goes PROPORTIONATE. When you see people, the trained
 managers and ENTREPRENEURS, they are always in a
 holy service you and your family, most of the best
 things of life. And in better than a million a year, 2,000
 thousands of dollars and more than 100 MILLION
 you can see, you'll find more in person, find it.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN



"We're only about 2,000 from what we would be before I finished the design. That's average better than 500 a week, quite good. —Frank Brown, *Chicago, Ill.*



It's going to
stay put. The
very least the
house won't be
for Treason.



—I shall be honored to discuss
globalization. I have been a
good job for American people
and to the world. — Bill
Clinton, *Clinton's Choice*

[illegible]

Start Spots to Make \$20-\$25 a Week Extra Earning Sets

“The [training of personnel] completely is handled by the 180 cases of customers, meaning more as human. It’s well diversified by customer type, your human perception you need and your additional developed base of ports. Going to the 180 cases you have from the base because, I think, building, just approval, considering that, above 180, 300 to 350 into the day, you need. And program you build with any ports, being your discipline and control and knowledge, helps you consider market being sophisticated into its space but while working. Being under 180, 180 is a word, it’s the base.”

Mail Coupons — Find Out What Radio-Television Offers You

It's not to get away from the good things of life. I need several women to prove NRI home training is practical. Although, "My life-page book" How to be a success, on Radio Television, shows what our graduates are doing and earning in the United States. Come, please, contact me at 1-800-368-3683.

AVAILABLE
to all qualified
VETERANS

AVAILABLE
to all qualified
VETERANS

Good for Both - 7259

100% Satisfaction Guarantee
 (No questions asked)
 (No hidden charges)
 (No time limit)
 (No restrictions)
 (No limitations)
 (No conditions)
 (No exceptions)
 (No excuses)
 (No apologies)
 (No regrets)
 (No doubts)
 (No fears)
 (No worries)
 (No stress)
 (No anxiety)
 (No depression)
 (No anger)
 (No sadness)
 (No loneliness)
 (No isolation)
 (No pain)
 (No suffering)
 (No death)

NAME	AGE	SEX	DATE
1. [illegible]	18	M	11/11/11
2. [illegible]	22	F	11/11/11
3. [illegible]	25	M	11/11/11
4. [illegible]	30	F	11/11/11
5. [illegible]	35	M	11/11/11
6. [illegible]	40	F	11/11/11
7. [illegible]	45	M	11/11/11
8. [illegible]	50	F	11/11/11
9. [illegible]	55	M	11/11/11
10. [illegible]	60	F	11/11/11

VETS are for the brave
—1950s style

Mail Today. Tested Way to Better Pay.

GET PRIZES...MAKE MONEY

Look at the wonderful prizes shown below. They are just a few of the more than 70 I offer you **WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST**. You take your choice for selling just one order of 40 packs of the American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at the



SEEDS AT THE GATE.
HARRY AND SEVER CLARK
with their Seed and Camping Case



"Look! Harry Ward, the man who has been selling seeds and gifts since 1912 and still sells CASES for 25 years!"

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You will sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once. Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes that may pay for 20 years. Please respond to just one or two in the hope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or keep \$2.00 as cash for each 40-pack order you sell.

SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU.
AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
DEPT. 503, LANCASTER, PA.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

Name: Harry Ward, American Seed Company
DEPT. 503, LANCASTER, PA.

Enclosed are 40 packs of 40 seeds each. I will send you a list of prizes and you choose the one you like best. No money needed.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____



I'll Give You a Wrist Watch, Archery Set, Flash Camera or any of 70 BIG PRIZES without a cent of cost...MAIL Coupon for FREE Prize Book



MAIL THIS COUPON...SELL AMERICAN SEEDS AND EARN PRIZES LIKE THESE

Wrist Watch
This watch is made of metal and is very accurate. It is a great gift for anyone who likes to keep time.

Archery Set
This set includes a bow, arrows, and a target. It is a great gift for anyone who likes to shoot.

Flash Camera
This camera is very small and easy to use. It is a great gift for anyone who likes to take pictures.

characters, names & all other elements used

THE TEEN TITANS

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